

SONGS, AIRS, &c.

IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF

HARLEQUIN TEAGUE,

O R,

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

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Price SIX-PENCE.

Handing D1733



SONGS, AIRS, &c.

IN THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF

Harlequin Teague;

OR,

The Giant's Causeway.

As it is now performing

AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

HAY - MARKET.

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SECOND EDITION.

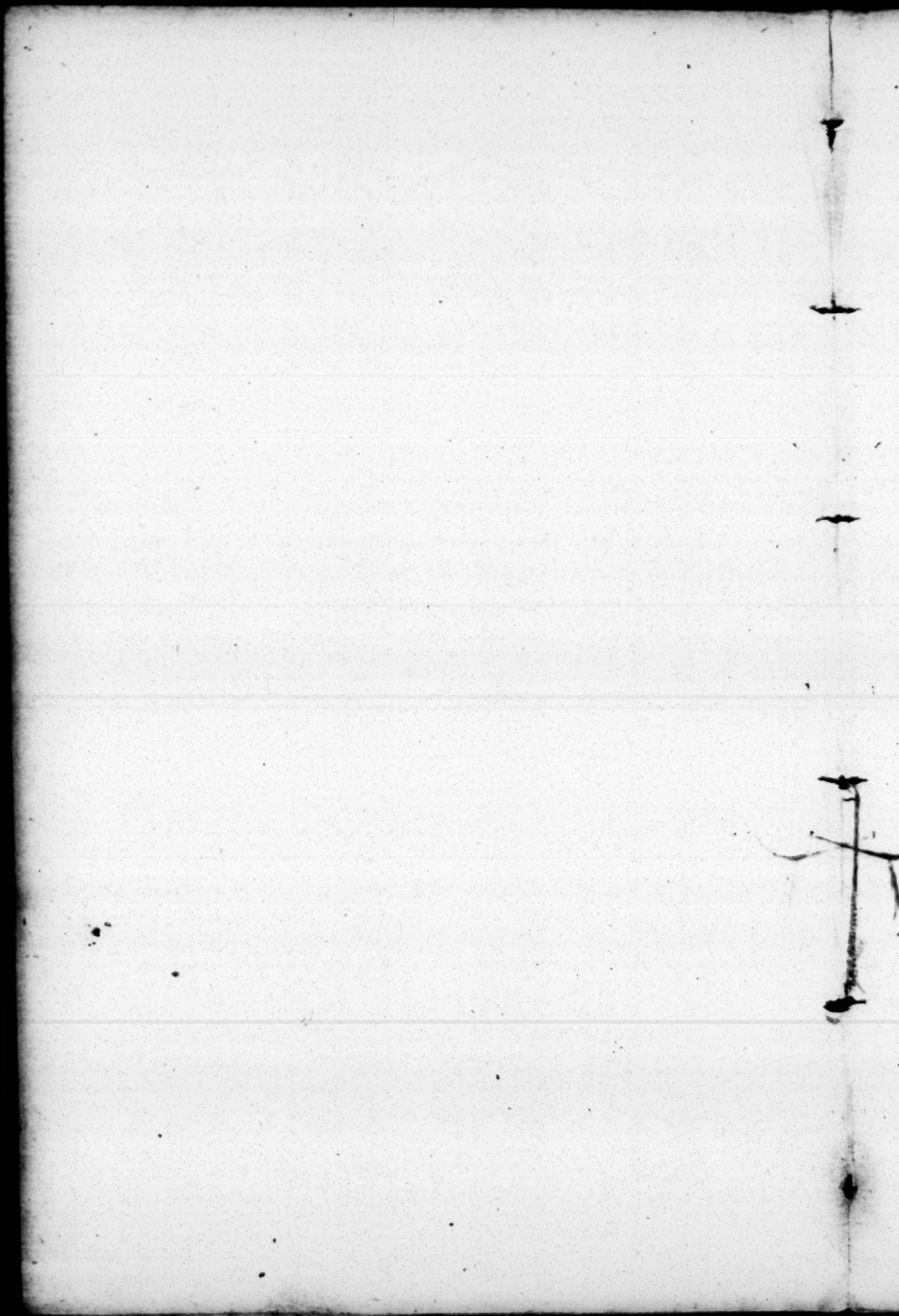
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L O N D O N: 29

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M,DCC,LXXXII.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Harlequin Teague, Mr. E G A N,  
Teague Harlequin, Mr. S P E N C E R,  
Italian Merchant, Mr. M A S S E Y,  
Pierrot (his man) Mr. D E L P I N I,  
Old Woman and Dr. Caterpillar, Mr. WEWITZER,  
Mr. Dripping, Mr. WEBB, Mrs. Dripping, Mrs. WEBB,  
Lieutenant of the Prefs Gang, (with "*Fal de ral Tit*")  
Mr. E D W I N,

Farmer Furrow Mr GARDNER, Dame Furrow Miss HALE  
Landlord of the Horns at Highgate, Mr. W I L S O N,  
Catcall, Mr. WOOD, Sailor, Mr. R. PALMER,  
Man with Two Heads, Mr. B A N N I S T E R,  
(With a Solo Duett in Character.)

Giant of the Causeway, Master B R E T T,  
Genius of Ireland, Mr. B R E T T,

Various other Characters by

Messrs. STEVENS, USHER, SWORDS, PAINTER,  
LEDGER, DAVIS, BARRETT, KENNY, DARLEY,  
J. BATES, Mrs. LOVE, Mrs. LEFEVRE,  
Miss FRANCIS, &c.

Anchor Smiths, with the celebrated Old GLEE of  
"*Smiths are Good Fellows*," by  
Messrs. DARLEY, DORION, BURTON, and BRETT.  
Colombine, Miss M O R R I S.

With a Ranelagh M A S Q U E R A D E.

Characters out of Character,

Fighting Quakers, Mr. BARRETT, Mr. KENNY,  
Disinterested Lawyer, Mr. GARDNER,  
Humane Scalper, Mr. R. PALMER,  
Harlequin with one Leg, Mr. SPENCER.  
Fainting Bucher, Mr. PAINTER,  
Reviving Death, Mr. COLLINS.

The whole to conclude with a GRAND BALLET in *Span-*  
*nish* Characters, by Mr. GEORGI, Mr. BYRN, Miss  
BYRN, Signora Vidini, and Others.

The MUSIC by Dr. ARNOLD.—The SCENES by Mr.  
ROOKER.



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SONGS, AIRS, &c.

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*Genius of Ireland.*—MR. BRETT.

A I R.

FIVE thousand times around the globe the  
fun

His annual course has run,  
Since Cormac, leader of the Giant race,  
Here wrought his woe and dire disgrace.

RECI-



## R E C I T A T I V E.

Erin and Albion, sister isles,  
 On whom one King, one fortune smiles,  
 Parted by ocean's briny tide,  
 Ambitious Cormac, with gigantic pride,  
     By force of sorcery, and magic wiles,  
     Strove to conjoin—a rocky ridge  
 Rear'd in the foaming deep a pillar'd bridge;  
     When I, the Genius of the land,  
     Heaven's thunders in my red right hand,  
     Put the rebellious giant crew to flight,  
 And sunk the mighty mass in endless night.  
     The ruin'd adamant I rent,  
     And in it's rifted bowels Cormac pent.  
 But now since years and length of time  
 Have paid his guilt, and purg'd his crime,  
     Once more the rock, with second birth,  
 Shall give him in a meaner form to earth.  
     Where after many a pelting storm,  
     He may resume his ancient form.

A I R.

## A I R.

Flash light'ning! roll thunder!  
 Ye rocks fly afunder!  
 Fierce child of the north,  
 Come forth, Cormac! come forth  
 At the first mortal's tread,  
 Raise thy long deprest head!  
 But when restor'd to light anew,  
 Your dwindled form, shrunk shape you view,  
 Let humbleness your actions guide,  
 Curb your will and check your pride!  
 Flash light'ning! roll thunder!  
 Ye rocks fly afunder!  
 Fierce child of the north!  
 Come forth, Cormac, come forth!

*Giant of the Causeway.*—Master Brett.

*Vauxhall Watch.*

The Irish Giant you shall find,  
Tho' dwarf in form, of ample mind,  
And ever to your wish inclin'd,

With a fee, faw, fum.

Tho' not a friend to mean intrigue,  
With truth and honor do but league,  
I'll ever stick by honest Teague,

With a fee, faw, fum.

Then wave your sword, tow'rd's Highgate steer,  
And let the English nothing fear,  
Tho' you come an Irish volunteer,

With a fee, faw, fum!

In



In London, sport and beauty reign,  
There Cupid holds a warm campaign,  
And Teague shall join to fill the train,

With a fee, faw, fum!

There quacks and showmen boast their art,  
There fops assail the fair one's heart,  
But Teague shall better play his part,

With a fee, faw, fum!

Then wave your sword, &c. &c.

*Landlord of the Horns.*—Mr. Wilfon.

Silence! take notice! you are my fon,  
Full on your father look, Sir!  
This is an oath you may take as you run,  
So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.  
*Hornaby, Hornaby, Highbgate and Horns,*  
*And money by book or by crook, Sir.*

C H O R U S.

Hornaby, &c.

II.

Spend not with cheaters or cozeners your life,  
Nor waste it on profligate beauty;  
And when you are married, be kind to your  
wife,  
And true to all petticoat duty!  
*Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,*  
*And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.*

C H O R U S.

Dutiful, &c.

To

## III.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,  
 You never must hold to be right, Sir;  
 Nor, unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for-  
     strong beer,  
 Or eat brown bread when you can get white,  
 Sir,

*Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,  
 Are pleasant at morn, noon, or night, Sir.*

## C H O R U S,

Mannikin, &c.

## IV.

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,  
 A gentleman ought to be loth, Sir;  
 But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not  
     bind,

Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, Sir.  
*Kiss away, both you may, sweetly smack night  
     and day,  
 If you like it, you're bound by your Oath, Sir.*

## C H O R U S.

Kiss away, &c.

When



v.

When you travel to Highgate, take this oath  
again,

And again like a sound man, and true, Sir,  
And if you have with you some more merry  
men,

Be sure you make them take it too, Sir.

*Bless you, son, get you gone, frolick and fun,  
Old England, and honest true blue, Sir!*

C H O R U S.

Bless you, son, &c.

AIR.

*Colombine.*—Miss Morris.

HIS prefence gives birth  
To good humour and mirth,  
No pleasure on earth,  
Such delights can impart;  
He's so jaunty, so neat,  
His looks are so sweet,  
To the eyes he's a treat,  
And a feast to the heart.

*Fal de ral tit.*—Mr. Edwin.

'T WAS I learnt a pretty song in France,  
And brought it o'er the seas by chance;  
And when in Wapping I did dance,  
Oh! the like was never seen:  
For I made the music loud for to play,  
All for to pass the dull hours away,  
And when I had nothing left for to say,  
Then I sung fal de ral tit, tit fal de ral;  
Then I sung fal de ral tit.

As

II.

As I was walking down Thames-street,  
A ship mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,  
And I was resolv'd him to treat  
With a cann of grog, gillio!  
A cann of grog they brought us strait,  
All for to pleasure my ship mate,  
And satisfaction give him straight,  
Then I fung, &c. &c.

III.

The Maccaronies then came in  
All drest so neat, and look'd so trim,  
Thinking to strike me dumb:  
Some was short, and some was tall,  
But it's very well known I bang'd them all,  
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,  
Then I fung, &c. &c.

The



## IV.

The landlord then aloud did say  
 As how he wish'd I'd go away ;  
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,  
 As how he'd take the law.  
 Lord Damme, says I, you may do your worst,  
 For I've not scarcely squinch'd my thirst,  
 All this I said, and nothing worse,  
 Then I sung, &c. &c.

## V.

And when I've cross'd the raging main;  
 And be come back to Old England again,  
 Of grogg I'll drink galore ;  
 With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,  
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,  
 So that she shall be satisfy'd,  
 And I'll sing, &c. &c.

C

DUETT

SOLO. DUETT.

*Man with Two Heads.*—Mr. Bannister.

SPORTSMAN.

Ere the Sun lifts his head,  
From his green oyster bed,  
To Joey my huntsman I'll call.

MACCARONI.

Both the gay and the fair,  
At my splendor shall stare,  
This night I'm to lead up the ball.

SPORTSMAN.

To my Huntsman I'll bellow.

MACCARONI.

Gad's curse take the fellow!

SPORTSMAN.

You sluggard, why Joey!

MACCARONI.

I dance with fair Chloe.

SPORTS-

( 19 )

S P O R T S M A N.

Why Joey !

M A C C A R O N I,

Sweet Chloe,

S P O R T S M A N.

Poor Pufs I'll arouse.

Soho ! Soho !

M A C C A R O N I.

At Carlisle-house?

S P O R T S M A N.

Zounds ! no, no, no !

M A C C A R O N I.

To the Promenade trip,  
And in light allemande—

S P O R T S M A N

How I handle my whip,  
As we spank it along !

M A C C A R O N I,

Chanson—Cotillion,

S P O R T S M A N.

Tantara, ding, dong !

C 2

M A C-



( 20 )

M A C C A R O N I.

Rigadoon, allemande,

S P O R T S M A N.

Yoics ! forward, my bucks, how we spank it  
along.

Can Tattersal brag  
Of so handsome a nag ?

M A C C A R O N I.

Can Ranelagh shew  
So sprightly a beau ?

S P O R T S M A N.

Let the mellow horn blow,  
Like Nimrod we go,  
And cheer all before us,  
While charm'd with the chorus,  
Sweet Echo repeats tally-ho !

M A C C A R O N I.

Cara, Cara, Addio !  
Farewell, Idol mio !

G I E E

*Anchor Smiths—A celebrated Glee.*

Smiths are good fellows !  
 They blow the bellows,  
 While their iron's hot,  
 Tho' their gains be small.  
 My pot and thy pot,  
 Come, thy pot and my pot,  
 Their hammers call !  
 Hallow ! hallow ! hallow !  
 Is the white mare fallow ?  
 Stand fast while I strike,  
 Stand with a winnion !  
 Sure 'tis but opinion,  
 Ale hurts the fight,  
 For continually—  
 Come, my pot and thy pot,  
 Thy pot and my pot,  
 Their hammers call.

T H E   E N D.



*Of T. CADELL, Bookseller, opposite Catherine-street,  
Strand, may be had the following Pieces :*

**BONDUCA**, a Tragedy, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, with Alterations,

The DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, The MAID of BATH, The COZENERS, The NABOB, and The TRIP to CALAIS. To which is annexed, The CAPUCHIN; all written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. and published by Mr. COLMAN. Also,

**The TAILORS, a Tragedy for warm Weather.**

BUXOM JOAN, a Barletta in one Act, and the Airs, Duets, Trios, and Finale introduced in the Comedy of *THE SPANISH BARBER*; likewise *SUMMER AMUSEMENT*; or, *AN ADVENTURE at MARGATE*, a Comic Opera; and the Airs, Duets, and Trios, in the Musical Farce called *THE SON-IN-LAW*, as they are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market.

The MANAGER in DISTRESS, a Prelude, on opening the Hay-Market Theatre, May 30, 1780. Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

TONY LUMPKIN in TOWN, a Farce, written by  
J. KEEFFE, Author of the SON-IN-LAW.



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